

now he shares with the board of education the attention of those persons who are of an investigating turn of mind, and as the questions involved affect most directly and seriously a very large class of citizens—the entire public to a certain extent, the discussion cannot fail to be generally interesting.

While duly observing other phenomena of possibly more far reaching importance we have at the same time noted, in the last three years, the very rapid progress of a certain young man of this town, and it gives us distinct pleasure to be able to record the fact that our friend sustains, to a gratifying degree, the idea which we early formed of him. We refer to Mr. T. S. Allen, sometimes vulgarly known as Tommy. Over two years ago we recognized in this youth the promise of coming greatness, and we foresaw that the time was fast approaching when men would bow down to him, when his name would be frequently seen in the newspapers. If anything the fulfillment has been more rapid than we looked for. Mr. Allen has basked in the light of the blaze of glory emanating from Congressman Bryan, and since the Bryan star has been in the ascendant Mr. Allen has enjoyed an iridescent splendor and prominence, carting bags of Mr. Bryan's speeches about, going to conventions and keeping himself in evidence generally. He became, and speedily, a Personage, and in recognition of his merit he has been awarded one of the soft seats in the high council of his party, or to be explicit, the Bryan section of it. And now, to crown all, and vindicate our prophetic instinct, Mr. Allen is made deputy postmaster. Mr. Harley has at all times had our very distinguished consideration, but we feel like making some special expression of appreciation to him for thus signally rewarding virtue, or Mr. Allen, and we are sure he will not regret this boost to the political fortunes of one whom, we are convinced, will one day be a United States senator or president or councilman or something like that. Mr. Allen is a popular young democrat, with friends in all parties, and his appointment will give general satisfaction. And if there is any man in the democratic party in this city who would make a handsomer or abler deputy we would like to have him pointed out to us.

Dan Wing's poetry in last Saturday's *Call* has been the talk of the town for seven whole days. Its rhythmic beauty and deep fervor surprised those not intimately acquainted with that gentleman and his capabilities. In order that it may receive the publicity it deserves we give the poem in its entirety herewith:

O love will win and love will win, and love will keep on winning,  
Though all the demons in the sea conspire against its inning.

Citizens of Omaha are writing to the *Bee* and *World-Herald* to prove that a person can live in that city on five and ten cents a day. Then Omaha people must be shockingly extravagant. We are informed that large numbers of people there spend as high as seventy-five cents and a dollar a day in living expenses, and bloods have been known to throw away quarters on gin cocktails and relieve themselves of as much \$1.25 in one night doing the town. This, when it is shown that a person can live in Omaha on a nickel per day, would indicate that there is a riotous prodigality extant in that city that should be promptly and effectually checked. It is sinful to spend money in so needlessly reckless a manner. But then Omaha people will be bloods, even if it costs money.

The Omaha Commercial club celebrated its first anniversary the other day. In the last twelve months this organization has infused a life and energy into the business circles of the metropolis that they have not known for years, and it has performed very valuable service in bringing new industries to Omaha and developing trade generally. All this time Lincoln has been asleep. Enterprise in this particular direction has fallen by the way side, and our business men have been laying on their backs waiting for something to turn up. There is no reason, except the masterly inactivity of our business men, why Lincoln should not have an organization like the Commercial club, an organization that would be something more than our so-called boards of trade of the past. Lincoln people are too much given to the stick-in-the-mud-policy. There are too many Micawbers among our business men, and not enough progressive, aggressive men who, instead of waiting for an opportunity, go out and grab time by the forelock, and make opportunities where none exist.

The right kind of an effort would undoubtedly be productive of

valuable results in the way of securing new wholesale houses; a club of this kind, properly managed, could accomplish much; but we are apparently content to idly lay in the grass while Omaha and other lustier and more active rivals are knocking down the persimmons. Lincoln people suffer from an acute and malignant form of that tired feeling. Why don't somebody get up and do something for a change?

We have no desire to be impertinent or disagreeable, but we would like to ask Mr. C. A. Atkinson if this wouldn't be a good time to bring out those wholesale houses he promised with so much enthusiasm about a year and a half ago. We need them now in our business.

Major Shelby's statement in the defense of Colonel Breckenridge made since we wrote some notes above on this scandalous case, is really a pathetic recital. The story of the seduction of the great and powerful Congressman Breckenridge by a young girl, the description of the manner in which Madeline led Willie astray, was enough to make strong men weep. The poor man! As this case proceeds the conviction is forced upon us with more and more force that the best thing poor Willie could do would be to get a cheap revolver and go off somewhere and shoot himself.

Since Mayor Weir's famous order of March 1, there has been a phenomenal eruption of such signs as "Dressmaking," "Rooms for Rent," etc., in various parts of the city. A little investigation on the part of the police would doubtless disclose the fact that things are not always what they seem, and that an innocent looking card board sign may cloak a shocking condition of depravity.

In the rush of complimentary remarks on the new *COURIER* we have noted one or two objections to the cover. Some people have told us that it is in bad taste to have advertisements in this part of the paper. If Ward McAllister should meet a very poor man on the street in New York, and if the poor man should ask Mr. McAllister's opinion on his personal appearance, and if Mr. McAllister should deign to reply, he might tell him that it is not good form to wear a patch on the knee of one's trousers. Our artistic or esthetic taste would lead us to discard advertisements altogether, and make the cover an illuminated work of the finest art; but as Major Calhoun has pointed out, we are not financially able to gratify our artistic taste, and we are compelled, by the grossest of reasons, to wear a patch on our trousers' knee, or in other words, run advertisements on the cover. There is money in it, and while we are trying to live up to the high standards of art and culture we are also hard after the dollar. We do not think the advertisements are a serious defect, however. Other publications that are almost as good as *THE COURIER* are guilty of the same offense.

## TWO IN ONE.

Mr. Harley will do things in the postoffice as they were never done before. He will run the big stone building as he runs his corner store. Things will all be so nicely arranged that you'll never know them—they'll be so changed. You can, if hard pressed, get drugs at the postmaster's, and fine tooth combs, toilet soap and porous plasters. Vichy and seltzer you will find there on tap, and other things such as syrup of squills and ipecac; every kind of ointment and healing potion; yea, siedlitz powders, if you take the notion. But he will not sell you or your friend a bottle of wine—it's against the rules, and he's got em all down very fine. At the store, Eleventh and O, stamps you will always find with first-class mucilage on behind; nice, new postal cards, already addressed, and comfortable chairs in which to rest. When you spend a dollar you'll get a ticket, good for a stamp, and you won't have to lick it. Money order prizes will go with ginger pop; but if you get a little gay you will have to stop. Returning to the postoffice—stamps will be sent; and if you ask for credit you will also be sent. Everybody, so Mr. Harley says, will get a letter; a little one for a penny; for a nickel much better. When it happens that there's none on hand, he'll make 'em to order, the Tommy Allen brand. The rich and the poor will all fare alike; when there's a letter for Bill, there's also one for Mike. You can post your letters at the store and see the directory at the postoffice—first floor. A daisy postmaster Mr. Harley will be; there may be some flies, but there's none on he.